WORD
EATER
WESLEY
KROPP

Loudmouth's list of WORDEATER AWARDS is announced below. As promised by the LOUD one, $200 in monetary reward accompanies the honor associated with the selection. However, categories for awards were juggled a bit in order to make the winning more equitably apropos to the entries.

"Altogether too many poets are content with short poems," declares Loudmouth between belches. "They are , indeed, scrumptuous tidbits but don't stick to the ribs. Quite heavy dishes, however, are the fiction, fantasy, and satire submitted." Loudmouth lauds especially the works of Bruce McCallister and Wayne Mooney, two stalwart contributors who have now left Loudmouthland. "LAUDABLE," laughs Loudmouth with a lyric logic all his loyal lonelies would love. Comparably wordific are the efforts of Doug Emory, Etha Griffin, and Linda Keith, all providers of solid fare.

Jean Tyrell, Loudmouth's most visible and vocal Glutton won't be in school this semester. Linda Keith has been missing of late too. Cookie Haas and Kathy Delaney remain gluttonous, and Etha Griffin has won a bib from Loudmouth for her gluttony this semester. Wesley Kropp, who designed the $10 cover for this WORDEATER and won two cartoon awards, has become a Nibbler at words, as has Tom Csepregi. Bonnie Ellis has retained her poetaster status.

WORDEATER AWARDS, Fall, 1973

Tom Roach--$15
Tom McCabe--$15
Barbara Strait--$5
Jac-Lyn McQuillen--$10
Bruce McCallister--$20
Glenna Ostenburg--$10
Robin Davis--$5
Doug Emory--$20
Wayne Mooney--$10
Etha Griffin-- $15
Charles Winans--$5
Linda Keith--$10
Patricia Harrison--$5
JoAnne Hollister--$5
Dave Zordan--$5
Vickie Grider--$5
Ginger Yunker--$5
JoAnn Hauswald--$5
Earla Fowler--$5
Wesley Kropp--$20
W. H. Watling--$5

Most of the award-winning poems, stories, essays, etc. are in this issue, but due to length none of the investigative reports and a few other winners were not printed in this issue. Award winners should contact John Stobart for their checks.

Certainly appetizing even if not award-winning this time are the words of Cookie Haas, Arlene DelRose, Paul Hawkins, Charles Moffatt, Joan Pastere, Bonnie Ellis. . . to mention a few.

The deadline for WORDEATER vii, VII, or 7 is the Ides of March, the 15th for the anti-Julians in the audience. Signed or anonymous manuscripts should be given to John Stobart in C1069. Typing is nice but not mandatory.

Loudmouth "Special"

Daydreaming with a Purpose

By W. H. WATLING, JR.

On November 17, Dr. David Landau and his assistant, Dr. Charmen Palmer drove from Chicago to meet JJC press photographer Dennis Trowbridge, Miss Linda Kulig and myself for an interview and demonstration of his newly-developed system of Psychodynamic Autogenic Training. The discussion proved so absorbing and the demonstration so impressive that the interview stretched through an entire afternoon.

Dr. Landau is presently a practicing attorney, but possesses a Ph.d in Psychology in addition to his Law Degree. He is now in the process of retiring from law to devote full time to lecturing and demonstrating his new process across the country. Dr. Palmer has been studying, working and teaching in Psychology in many places for a number of years. We found Dr.'s Landau and Palmer to be quite learned and very open in spreading the benefits of what they have learned.

Psychodynamic Autogenic Training (Pat) is a combination of the best parts of Zen meditation, Freudian method and some Pavlovian techniques. In other words, Pat induces a state during which one can dream while awake. However, in contrast to the normal dream state, under Pat the conscious mind is not subdued in order to bring the subconscious to the surface. During Pat, one is able to see his dreams in full, moving color, as well as taste, feel and hear everything that occurs in those dreams. Also, one is able to describe his sensations to nearby persons not under Pat, though he is not able to censor those descriptions if he attains the deepest state. This is because under Pat the Freudian censor is put to sleep. Another important difference between Pat and normal dreaming is the Pat subject's ability to recall his dreams in full detail. Thus, Pat becomes an invaluable tool for self-analysis.

The autogenic methods from which Dr. Landau developed Pat were invented over 40 years ago by German psychiatrist J. M. Schultz, who derived his theories from the discoveries of his colleague, Dr. Oska Vogt. From Germany, Autogenic Training spread to the rest of Europe, Japan and Canada. Until Dr. Landau's study and further perfection of the process, it was largely neglected in the U. S., however.

Dr. Landau's predecessors conducted extensive research that found Autogenic Training applicable in many areas outside the laboratory. It has proved effective in countering the effects of stress and improving the concentration of students, writers and athletes. Japanese pupils have boosted their scholastic achievement, a German painter increased her creative power and Canadian students have improved their examination grades by reducing the anxiety that often precedes testing. Students, athletes and even Russian cosmonauts have been able to improve their endurance under conditions of stress by using Autogenic Training.

Of course, some persons have achieved similar results through yoga, Zen and even hypnosis. However, the Pat developed by Dr. Landau goes beyond all of these and Autogenic Training as well. What takes years to achieve with yoga and Zen, and months to reach with hypnosis or Autogenic Training, Pat can do in hours and often minutes. Like Zen, it can promote vitality, regulate physical functions, strengthen will power and develop creativity. But Pat is active compared to the passivity of hypnosis, non-spiritual compared to the usually religious Zen and goes far beyond all of the above in speed of achieving results.

After explaining the history and method of Pat, Dr. Landau treated us to a dramatic demonstration. In the course of this experience Miss Kulig was placed under Pat once and put herself under once, and I was placed under it twice and put myself under once.

It was the process of inducing Pat that most resembled hypnosis. As in hypnosis, the method of induction was a chant. But the chant was not as monotonous as the hypnotic chant, nor was the word sleep ever used. This is because Pat's intention is not to subdue the conscious in order to raise the subconscious, but rather is to relax it so the subconscious can float to the surface.

In about 2 minutes Dr. Landau was able to help each of us reach the dream state of Pat. Under Pat, Linda described the ongoing events of a full day in less than five minutes: a picnic and volleyball game called due to rain, a drive home, a call from myself, my arrival and our visit to my sister's home. At this point, he told her how to leave the relaxed state, which she did easily. When she opened her eyes, she was fully alert, rested and remembered all the occurred in her dream. When Linda was under the second time, she saw herself as a mischievous 3-year old sticking a bobby pin in an electric outlet on a yellow wall -- thus realizing for the first time the cause for her hatred of that color, and proving Pat's practical applicability in the process!

I proved to be one of the 3% of all those tested who receive mainly auditory impressions the first time under Pat. The second time Dr. Landau tried a different approach, and I then received more visual impressions. In contrast to Miss Kulig's, though, many of my impressions were highly abstract and symbolic. Yet I found these to be quite striking, and developed and arranged them into a poem called "Somniloquy." A good deal of the imagery I saw was related to astronomy -- no doubt an outgrowth of my present enrollment in JJC's fine Astronomy course. I regret to inform my other instructors that did not see a raven bobbin for a draught of Bacchus wine vintage 1846, nor Moses descending the Mount with an armful of Production Possibilities Curves, nor Ronald Ziegler receiving the Pulitzer Prize -- though that is perhaps a less regrettable loss. With luck, the raven, Moses and Mr. Ziegler will do better with another dreamer at one of the several demonstrations of Pat Dr. Landau will be giving in the area soon.

Roach Reviews

"The Naked Ape"

By TOM ROACH

Last week I reviewed a western. It was an enjoyable movie and I liked it. It was also a very typical, stero-typed cowboy film. When it came time to review it, I found myself unable to say anything good about it, and at the same time unwilling to write any criticism that wouldn't be as redundent as the movie. What I finally did was make a joke out of it all by comparing it to Shakespeare's Othello. One hilarious idea, I thought. As it turned out, nobody laughed. In a private poll that I conducted, 3 out of 3 readers (I couldn't bring myself to go any further) believed every ridiculous word of it. Probably someone even went to see it just to find out what a "Shakespearian western" was all about. I just didn't think that anyone would swallow my calling a cowboy film a "monumental parthenon of literary themes." I apologize for not being more lucid.

This week, let there be no mistake about the Naked Ape. I am 100 per cent sure of my convictions on this. Playboy Production of Desmond Morrises' popular book, "The Naked Ape" is a bad flick. My recommendation, take it, or leave it, is: Do No Go See This Movie. If you comprehend and buy these two preceeding lines, read no further. I'm only going to repeat and explain what I have already stated so perfectly. (Mike, John, and Will, maybe you guys better keep reading anyway.)

From a book crammed full of interesting ideas, and infinite visual possibilities, the producers chose two of the most over-worked themes in current moviemaking. One is that man's sex-drive, which is a hang-over from his prehistoric past, is contrary to the social laws of his modern civilization. The other statement that this film makes is that war is illogical and morally wrong.

Even at this point all is not lost. Much more could be done with these two ideas, but "Ape" links them together with 3 no-personality characters and plotless plot. They walk, smile, think out loud, and voice a lot of cliches. Done tongue and cheek this might have gotten a laugh, even if it was turned into a porno film it would have been an improvement. But not these three kids. They all look like they just stepped out of a Doublemint Chewing Gum Commercial. Even the segment of premarital - sex comes off as clean and funny.

In spite of all the promotion that it's had, I don't think that the Naked Ape would even make a good sex-education film. At a time when the American public has been exposed to everything from Kinzie to hard-core pornography, and the free love movement, Playboy Production has come out with a film that would probably have failed to have interested our puritan forefathers. It is just ridicuously and unbelieveably dull.

Something tells me that after last week's mix-up somebody is going to read this and think I'm putting them on again. In all sincerity, (listen up you 3) if I were in an anthro-major with a minor in cinematography, if Desmond Morris was my favorite person in the whole world, if I had an addiction to popcorn, and if I lived right next door to the Playboy Theater, I wouldn't go see this film again.

Best Movie Review

This Meeting is Adjourned

By JOANNE HOLLISTER

For the time being, the teacher's strike is over. But it seemed to take a lot of raspiness on the part of the students and faculty to get the Board to finally move and get their "professional" negotiator to the table. It has seemed quite obvious to me, for a long, long time that Mr. Zweibach just plain was not working out. Now, a federal mediator has been brought in. You'd better get moving, Mr. Z. No more of this time-wasting garbage we've been handed for months, please.

The turning point towards the federal mediator seemed to come at the "public" Board meeting last November 19. If these meetings are truly public -- we must be living in a communistic society. How "public" can a meeting be when students and tax-paying citizens aren't allowed to express their opinion to the Board? Of course, if you are on the agenda 72 hours in advance, you are allowed to speak your piece. But too much happens around here during that 72 hours that a person would have to get on the agenda every month just in case something came up that he wished to express his opinion on. Maybe that's not such a bad idea. If even as few as 10 citizens in the district would get on the agenda every month, we could be sure our complaints and opinions would be heard (or as sure as one can be, when the Board has a chairman who slams his gavel down and halts meetings when he feels like it, without even having a motion to do so). Or, what may be easier on the Board would be to set up a short time for public discussion after the listings on the agenda have been completed; a time mandatory for Board members to stay for, conducted as part of the meeting, but allowing for all present to express their feelings, or point questions. Important things are brought up at these meetings, and 15 or 20 minutes may be just enough time to clear up questions, etc. The Board owes this time to the faculty, staff, students and citizens of this district. It could be done with difficulty, or easily. Regretfully perhaps for voters, the Board is the body to set this sort of thing up. Maybe a little prodding from SGA will help. But take heed, Board of Trustees -- you aren't very popular in those parts. You'd better work quickly to gain back a little charm and respect, or you won't be around after the next election day rolls around. I hope.

Best Editorial

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Ah, poets,

how can you break the barriers?
how can you break the rules
how can your constant ramblings
ever be prophetic and help someone
to see
something as you once did.

Ah, poets,

You were born on a day with
a purple sky and blue grass
and yellow sulfur mist and
screaming birds.
So now you are unacceptable for your
creative insight, your secret feelings
your fantasies, your wishes, lies.

Ah, poor poet,

Your attempts to relate are
the feeblest.
Perhaps, only you can enjoy your work
but more important is that your
mind is not stagnant.
You are dreaming, you are imagining,
you are creating.
After you are gone, poet, these papers
will tell of a time when you were.
You existed...when you were real.

You, poet, are the philosopher of madness
who constantly flutters
on a narrow thread between
sanity and insanity and is much the
better for it.

Live, poet, madman, create and dream just as,
perhaps, the neanderthal man who picked up
a charred stick and drew a freakish
animal shape on a cave wall in France.

Prophet of Madness...

Prophet of Time...

Ah, poet

Paul Hawkins

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO: A SCIENTIST AND A REPORTER

"What are you making this time, Oh Great One?"

"I took some of this and some of that, and put it together."

"What are you going to call it this time?"

"I think I am going to call it man, this time."

Phillip Nemenski

SHE NEVER RODE THE CAROUSEL

A young woman sought the solace of the sea
And stopped to watch a carousel
Brought piece by piece in ships from Germany.

Sea-fresh air carried the Calliope's tinkling melodies
Mingling pleas for spun sugar cotton candy
Rainbow hued balloons popped and cried over
Laughter of riders on hand-carved, painted ponies.

Each week the young woman came to the sea
Listening to the heat-beat pound of waves on shore
She watched the gulls and picked up shells
But she never rode the Carousel.

Barbara Strait

Sea of Dreams

Nightsteed!
Carry me away, mindling wraith.
I lie unknowing, knowing more than everything I know.
More aware than the morning.
Nightsong!
Serenade the soft images that dance among the shadows.
Tell me of the delights of darkling splendors,
I listen for a chord of white laughter to scale the height.
Nightwind!
Bury me deep in the blue snow of the frostlands.
Warm me with a breathing green flame of lotus fires.
I inhale a taste of forever.
Nightflame!
Envelop me in the luster of illusory laughter.
Form me into a shape of the lemon/gray ether,
More alive than tomorrow.
Nightlove!
Tarry an ever, fleshling dream.
Touch me with a kiss of ever-red crystal ecstasy.
Lie feeling the unreal more real than the sunrise.

Bruce McAllister

Dawnfall

I run to leap,
  the field about me flows,
  the air--a thrill about my ears,
I leap to shout,
  the grasses share the sound,
  the fog reflects it back and in,
  the air is gray with mist,
  a waspish chill penetrates my coat,
  the wispy dew dampens my feet,
I shiver but shake it off,
  the sky lightens with a brightness in the trees,
I run to see,
  the leaves beneath me moistened by the night,
  an unwoven matting of green and color,
  across this growth I go,
  the leaves above me orange in the light,
  leaping, weaving around great stalks of wood,
  finding paths that were not,
  breaking from the forest to find the east,
I see the sun.

Bruce McAllister

FAIRY RING

Jan Van Boerk, newly retired, not long a widower, was seeking a new life in eastern New Jersey. He had traced his Dutch forbears to the area; now he was prowling old cemeteries, church graveyards, town and county offices, reading microfilms of long forgotten court records and newspapers. Some burial places were yet unknown to him; seeking them kept him from spending his remaining years in self commiseration or idleness.

As he drove his motor home along the country road he tried to distinguish landmarks that perhaps his long buried ancesters had also seen. Rounding a curve, still glancing over the landscape, he saw a stone cottage that had apparently stood there for a great many years. Its sturdy construction led him to believe that it was all of two hundred years old, if not more. A realtor's weatherbeaten sign, leaning precariously over the unmown front lawn, announced that the house was for rent.

Jan alit from his seat, passed through the picket fence, and circled the house. He noticed the windows were tightly shuttered, even those inside the recessed rear porch. It was quite evident there had been no tenant for many years.

The back lawn, now a weed patch, stretched several hundred feet to a wandering rivulet. Across the stream was a stand of ancient oak trees. He easily jumped the water and wandered into the grove. Midway, an open circular space of perhaps fifty feet allowed the sun to cast its spring rays over the level grassy ground. Early mushrooms and flowers vied for domination around its perimeter.

Shifting his attention from the contest between the flowers and mushrooms to the luxuriant turf, he closely examined it, then exclaimed: "My word, it's a fairy ring!"

He returned to the house for further appraisal. It was small enough for his needs, yet large enough for occasional visitors. Quickly making up his mind, he decided to buy the house if possible; if not, he would rent it. Hurrying to the listing sign, he noted the firm's address and drove off to talk business.

A quarter mile on his way he spotted a burly farmer tinkering with a tractor. He drew to a stop and hailed him: "What can you tell me about the stone cottage up the road?"

"Don't rent it," was the quick reply, "nobody stays in it very long. The last fellow only lived there a few days and vamoosed. You could say he took French leave. It's been empty for years. Everybody was probably scared the flying saucers would come back."

Jan incredulously exclaimed: "Flying saucers! Surely you don't believe in them--or have you see one?"

"Well, I can't say that I've been up close to one, but my old woman and me have seen strange lights up over the woods behind the house. So have the neighbors. Old man Teeple over in Pluckemin says that when he was a kid he saw something hovering over the woods one night. He said it seemed to have blue lights all around it. Nearly scared him to death. The next day he went over into the woods and found a lot of oak trees gone. He said it looked like they were jerked out by the roots. Funny thing, no one ever found them. Besides that, nothing ever grows where they were except grass. You can go see for yourself. There's an old family graveyard in back of the woodlot and I have often wondered if it has some connection with the saucers. You couldn't get me to live there, and you can bet on it."

Keeping his theory of a fairy ring to himself, Jan talked a short time then bid the man thanks and goodby. As he drove toward the realtor's office he wondered if he had been subjected to bucolic humor. If so, it had been a good attempt. A pragmatist by nature, he discounted flying saucers and the like.

Twenty minutes later Jan arrived at a crossroads village and found the office in its center. As he entered he saw that the agent was occupied with a customer. He wandered over to a bulletin board which was replete with auction notices and pictures of houses for rent or sale. The stone cottage was represented by a yellowed photograph; the farmer was right, it had remained empty for years.

His reverie was broken by: "I'm George Cantrell. What can I do for you?"

Pointing to the photograph, he replied: "I'd like to buy this house if the price is right."

"And I'd like to sell it to you, but it's so entailed that the best I can do is rent it to you."

"What sort of entailment is there that it can't be sold?"

"Well, it may be illegal nowdays, and I think it is, but the original owner willed it to his oldest child and specified that it remain in the family forever and never sold. That was back in 1763 when such things were common. Nobody has ever contested it as far as I know. There was also a codicil that said the house should provide a haven for any member of the family, or any descendant, if it was ever empty. The present owner married a German count

between the two World Wars. She pays the taxes, but hasn't been back since her marriage. So you see I wouldn't be able to sell it to you."

Jan, thinking to drive a hard bargain, said: "What about the stories I have heard about flying saucers landing behind it and scaring off tenants? The house looks to have been empty for quite some time."

Cantrell laughed and said: "That's just neighborhood gossip. Someone started that story when flying saucers were big news. It's my opinion that some neighbor started the rumor thinking he could buy up the land cheap and add it to his own. Now I wouldn't want to be quoted, but that's what I believe. There were two or three tenants who swallowed the story and left. I'll admit it has been empty for years, but you can take my word for it -- it's never had a flying saucer near it. If you rent it I'll refund your money if one ever shows up."

"What rent are you asking for it?"

"You can have it for seventy-five a month with no lease. That just about covers taxes, insurance, and upkeep. A real bargain."

Jan considered that a fair price and said he would take it. He drew out his checkbook and wrote out three months' rent.

Cantrell glanced at the signature, then looked quizzically at Jan. He asked: "What branch of the Van Boerk family do you belong to?"

"I'm descended from Jan, Jan, Philip, Wilhelm, Moses, Ira--"

"Hold on, that's far enough! As a descendant of Philip, the original owner, you qualify to claim free occupancy. The countess must be a distant cousin of yours. When do you want to move in?"

Jan was nearly stunned by the news that he had found the home of an ancestor. "When could it be ready? Not that it matters very much. I'm travelling in a motor home and could park it next to the house. Would that be all right?"

"It could be ready in several days or so. It needs some cleaning and varnishing. The electricity will have to be turned on so you can have lights and power for the water pump. If you can make do in your motor home there's no reason why you can't park it there. Some of your family are buried in the family plot out back. At least you won't be among strangers!"

Jan smiled and said: "I wish I could get them to talk, there are a lot of things about the family that I'd like to ask them."

Cantrell replied: "If you could do that and told your neighbors they'd forget about flying saucers."

"If I could do that," Jan said, "I'd believe their stories."

After a further exchange of pleasantries Jan left and returned to the cottage. Wandering about the house he now knew that he was looking at something his long gone ancestors had seen, walked about, and lived in. It was a curious sensation, weird yet pleasant. He wished his wife had lived to share his experience. Her interest in his family had been as keen as his. "At least," he mused, "I must write Junior and tell him. He's young yet, but as he grows older he will value family history more than he does now."

He walked to the road and backed the motor home lengthwise to the house. That position afforded him a panoramic view of the rear of the property. The old oaks, the rivulet, the gentle slope of the ground, appealed to his artistic senses. He felt he could happily spend the rest of his life here.

He considered visiting the family graveyard, but the sun was about over the horizon. He decided to eat and then read for a bit. His respects could be paid in the morning. A feeling of euphoria enveloped him. He had found a home again.

Reading proved an impossible task, his mind was still on the house. He wished he had gotten a key and inspected it. He felt it would prove satisfactory, but if he knew the layout the could consider furniture for it. Antiques would be the thing, the older the better. He finally began to nod, climbed into a bunk, and was soon asleep.

Awakening late, an unusual occurrence, he hastily made breakfast. Tucking his radio in his pocket he set off for the graveyard. As he entered the fairy ring he felt a peculiar sense of lassitude. He catered to it, stretched out, and fell into a fitful doze.

A half hour later he sensed another's presence. Opening his eyes, he saw a mist had enveloped the entire area. In the quadrant that faced the direction of the cemetery stood a boy, perhaps fourteen years old. Clad in a jerkin, obviously hand-cobbled boots, and homespun breeches, he seemed to have stepped out of an ancient woodcut. Furthering that illusion, he also sported a musket, a powder horn, and a deerskin pouch that appeared to contain musket balls. A large turkey was slung over his left shoulder.

"Good morning, sire," the boy said, "did I disturb your slumber."

"Not at all," Jan replied, "I was just napping for awhile. Do you live hereabouts?"

"Yes, sire, I live in the cottage by the lane. I have been out hunting for our larder. It is my duty to provide fresh meat for our family now that my father has gone to fight the British. Your clothes look foreign and your speech is different." He dropped the turkey and raised his musket. "Are you of the enemy?"

Jan was nonplussed; he wondered if the boy was real or a character of a dream. Perhaps, he thought, he was caught in a time warp. He had read of such a thing, but had never believed it possible. He decided to play out the conversation until he could solve the mystery.

"No, I'm not of the enemy, I'm an American just like you. My home was in Illinois. I am here trying to straighten out some family affairs."

The boy's eyes displayed a doubtful look as he asked: "And where is Illinois? I have never heard of it--is it across the sea?"

"No, it is about eight or nine hundred miles west of here. I was born and raised there."

"But that is a wilderness!" was the boy's astonished reply. "Naught but Indians and trappers live beyond the mountains. The French say it is dangerous country."

Jan hesitated before attempting a reply. A time warp now seemed a distinct possibility.

After the pause: "Well, you can see I'm no Indian nor trapper. You said your father is fighting the British; how long has he been gone?"

"Since 1777, almost two years," He lowered the musket and went on: "He is with General Pickens and his men."

"I have been away from Illinois for some time then. Is it 1779 already?"

"It surely is," the boy responded. "My name is Wilhelm Van Boerk. May I ask yours?"

Jan's family tree, which he had long since memorized, flashed through his mind. Astounded, he theorized that he was speaking to his grandfather three times removed. Seeking to prove his theory, he said to the boy: "My name is Jan Van Boerk. Would your father's name be Philip and your mother's Serepta?"

Now the boy was astounded. "Those are indeed their names. Could you be kin to us? Do you know my parents?"

"I don't know them, but I believe we are related. I should like to speak with your mother to find out for sure. Is she home?"

"Oh, yes, she is always home taking care of my brother and sister. I'll run ahead and tell her you are coming."

With that, the boy scampered across the ring and disappeared into the mist. An eerie feeling of faintness caused Jan to weave slightly. He decided to allow the boy ample time to talk to his mother while he tried to collect himself. He again stretched out on the grass, extracted his pocket radio and turned it on. He wanted contact with the world he knew.

Except for random bursts of static the radio was mute. Tuning it was fruitless; it seemed no stations were in existence. Jan was now truly alarmed. He wondered if he had actually been transported nearly two hundred years backward in time.

The mist evaporated in a short time; Jan felt better and arose. He found the boy's turkey near his feet. He picked it up, hurried across the ring, through the oak grove, jumped the rivulet, and approached the cottage.

Its windows were still tightly shuttered. His motor home was as he had left it.

Aghast, Jan swiftly lowered the turkey to the ground and flicked on the radio.

Stations popped in all over the dial.

END

Charles Winans
Fantasy

Conjuring

Best over-all
long poem

I

Why did all my teachers
Say I couldn't read?
Was it because I would not
Speak the words aloud?
But closely kept and guarded
The secret signing of
The Elegant Byzantine Eye.
It would signify singing.
("Come now quickly, come away
And I will trail your little self
In a magnificent arc
Without gravity or reference.")

II

They came to learning like
Angry peasants to a castle.
Huffing up to the drawbridge
("We're getting closer, can you see we're getting closer.")
The denominator of the distance
Growing with each half step
Finally they despaired of reasoned motion
And hurled bewildered bodies against the door
Hailing their arms and wailing
Until summer came.

III

As I grew older
They grew more cunning
No longer battering-rams but archaeologists
They attacked their buildings
Gently and with method.
("Please note the size and angle of this stone.
The position of that beam should interest you, I think.")
Some useless castle was dismantled
Then reassembled, put back together
Precisely as before. They would Smile
The Sad Sweet Smile
Of wisdom conferred.
("Ah, my pretties, the class is ended
Go in peace.")

IV

This is how I learned to read.
Sitting in the summer porch
I opened a book and waited.
The eye began to form
On the page.
Its jewelled stare
Like a road sign
Come upon in the dark.
Then, at no particular moment
And before there was time to pass
It licked out its lustre
And stung me.
Not like a wasp
But like a seduction.

Glenna Ostenburg

MONTICELLO Satire Award

The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

1798 Congress passed the Sedition Act, designed to keep Alexander Hamilton's Federalist Party in power by muzzling the leaders and the press of the Republican Party of Thomas Jefferson.

1799 Mar. 5 Vice-President Thomas Jefferson yesterday protested the signing of the Sedition Act, terming it "illegal and indecent." President John Adams replied that the measure was "needed for National Security."

Apr. 6 Vice-President Jefferson and cohort James Madison last week published the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions, condemning the Sedition Act as an abridgement of the First Amendment of the Constitution.

May 7 Federalist Party leader Hamilton today attacked Jefferson and Madison as "neandering nabobs of nihilism," labeling the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions as "pedagogical pattering," and "demented damnification."

July 8 Vice-president Jefferson today announced that last week seven men had been caught attempting to steal important papers from the library at his Monticello mansion. He accused Hamilton and Adams of sending the men to spy on him.

Sept. 9 The "Monticello Seven" all pleaded guilty to charges of burglary and were sentenced to one year each in a state prison. Jefferson called the sentence a "whitewash" and urged a deeper investigation.

Oct. 7 A Senate Committee formed to investigate the Monticello break-in convened today.

Oct. 20 In testimony before the Senate Investigatory Committee former Adams' aide C. C. Pinckney admitted involvement in the Monticello break-in, implicating both Hamilton and President Adams.

Nov. 1 As public outrage mounted against the Adams' administration, Jefferson called for the President to resign. Citing examples as the Sedition Act and the Monticello break-in, he accused Adams of trying to overthrow the Constitution.

Nov. 18 President Adams today urged the people not to "muddle in Monticello," calling for a return to "the business of government."

Dec. 2 "What about Rappahonnock?" asked Hamilton yesterday, referring to the much publicized report of ten years earlier linking Jefferson to the death of a 21 year old servant girl who drowned when the coach she and Jefferson were riding in ran off a bridge and fell into the Rappahonnock River.

1800 Jan. 24 Federalist Party leader Hamilton again asked, "What about Rappahonnock?" Jefferson declined to comment on the issue, talking instead about the Sedition Act and the Monticello break-in.

Apr. 4 (Editorial) Hamilton's consistent and cutting upon the moral character of Vice-President Jefferson have made President Adams a strong favorite to be re-elected in the upcoming fall elections. It must be noted, however, that the Sedition Act makes it difficult to hear an opposing viewpoint. Only Jefferson and Madison are popular enough to escape prosecution.

June 12 Federalist Party leader Alexander Hamilton was today indicted by a Maryland grand jury for allegedly taking kickbacks from the Bank of the United States while serving as Secretary of the Treasury during Washington's first administration.

Nov. 17 ...Undoubtedly, Hamilton's indictment had an effect on the election. He could no longer attack Jefferson with impunity, and the turnaround gave Jefferson the momentum that carried him to the Presidency. Obviously, public honesty is the best policy....
(excerpt from editorial)

W. A. Mooney

Best narrative poem

Angelica D'Orsini

Angelica D'Orsini
was born as her mother died
and lived as an only child
with her father,
a nobleman of Florence.
Friend to the Medicis,
Loranzo's, and the Duke Alfonso's
lady,
she was betrothed by proxy
at summer's six to
a boy of eight.
They never met 'til
womanhood claimed her
and then he came from
Padua.
She loved him for he
was the perfect young
Renaissance man
slim and brown and beautiful
was he and therefore, she
was not the only woman
who loved him.
He did his husband's duty though
and therefore, no one
thought it wrong when he left
her bed to go to another's.
Angelica D'Orsini,
only child of a nobleman of Florence
wept silently when she
found herself full with child
of a man who
felt no love, but only
did a husband's duty.
And her slim, brown,
beautiful Renaissance man
proudly proclaimed his
future fatherhood to the
blonded courtesans.
Angelica D'Orsini's daughter
was born as her mother died
and lived as an only child
with her father, a nobleman
of Padua....

Jac-Lynn McQuillen

Forest Foes

A wolf runs through a forest
Where the sun fears to shine.
He hurries along and ignores his youth.
Listen closely and you'll hear his Inner Whine,
As he tries to escape what is rightfully his.

His running leads him on a dark, tree shaded path,
Complete with stones and grass and weeds.
Against these things he hides his wrath,
And on an injured bird he feeds.

As night approaches he listens for fellow cries,
But starts again his pace, when howls are none.
He disregards a hiding rabbit's fearful sighs,
And so stops short, at a hunter's gun.

Joan Pastere

More Forms Has A Rose

More forms has a rose
Than is often sought.
A rose, is a rose
To some but others not.

Some see a rose
As only seen by sight.
Others see a rose
As beauty expressing might.

We see a rose
As a poet expressing tone.
But a bug sees a rose
As home sweet home.

Charles W. Moffatt

True Is The Rose

True is the rose that exists
More than a bit of fragrance
More than the graceful stem
More than its brilliant radiance.

True is the rose of the heart
Planted by its given presence
Grown in the remembrance of love
Blooms in its truest essence.

Charles W. Moffatt

Contented

Eagle, eagle in the sky
why is it that you can fly
and I must sit here below
envying your ariel show?
You never seem to have a care,
soaring through the sky so fair.
Here on earth there is such strife,
Someone takes another's life.
but you too must hurt and kill
tearing flesh with claw and bill.
I guess your life is not so great,
All of us give in to fate.
So be contented, I see I must,
All will die and turn to dust.
No matter if eagle or man,
we must strive for all we can
and be thankful for what we've got
it's useless to try and be something we're not.

Bonnie J. Ellis

Hourglass

I chased you through an hourglass,
We watched the moments run,
  together and alone, our time was but our own,
We waited out the morning
In a snowdrift of the sun,
  your touch was time, and for a moment, mine.

We press upon each other
The importance of the real,
  together in our dreams, the real is what it seems,
Illusions are of instants
That are only there to feel,
  you comfort me, my breathing fantasy.

I want you when I waken
To the laughter of the sun,
  together anywhere, our lives are what we dare,
Our joy is in the holding
Of the rainbows that are won,
  your silent eyes, the freedom of the skies.

Bruce McAllister

A Plea, Circa 2000

Fend, fend me my friend,
And you will see
That all is not glee
In this world of bombs.

Don't, don't laugh babe,
It'll be all right.
I'll brush the hair of this glittery night.
I'll cry away your happiness.
But in the end
It's for the best.

You, you make me weak
With eyes of red.
Your smile delights the fearless dead.
The earth applauds your folded face
As your head explodes in cosmic space.

The, the universe is at your knee,
In pines of malling memory.
It walks in fallout drapery.
It asks not much.

So, so fend me my friend.
And you will see
That all is not glee
In this world of bombs.

Joan Pastere

Fool Size Few

I am the Fool, the King's own and only. Not that the other players of the court are not fools also, but to them it is a condition rather than a profession. I live to laugh as I laugh to live, and only the cessation of one will assure the termination of the other. What doom is doom to me? I laugh.

The King conforms to his throne and wraps himself abundantly in purple cloaks as if thinking that the robes make the monarch. If so, then the tailor who makes the robes makes the King. But who makes the tailor make the robes but the King? Therefore, if royal authority is truly gained through his garb, then the King makes himself to his own specifications. If his raiment reeks less of magic than of noble sweat, perhaps the theory of divine right should be allowed some consideration. Perhaps, but I prefer the purple to the prayer. The source of the King's aura of regality must exist somewhere outside of himself, for he alone has neither the strength nor desire to dominate the affairs of his inheritance.

The Prince spends less time preparing for the crown than did his father. He swaggers about the court with a lighthearted step, stopping to converse as jovially with the lowly servants as with the lofty cavaliers, and always keeping the lusty ladies at laugh's length. His curiously incalculable wit causes him to carelessly offer jesting insults that often pierce deeper than intended, a trait that might have cost him barrels of blood were he not the Prince. He has a scant number of confidents, for while he is always willing to share a laugh with anyone, whatever their station, he is never willing to spare even his intimate friends from his humor, no matter what the situation may be. He and I are relatively close, being kindred spirits and all, and whenever we pass we exchange some senseless remark of riddle followed by some obliquely related answer.

The Princess rules the court's clutter of noble pride and pomp by reason of her flirtatious indifference. With the slightest smile of her royal red mouth she inspires the hope of romance in the secret soul of the most unworthy baronial heir. While lending her real affections to none. She wields the silken cavaliers as she would use fans of bright colors, waving them before her at her leisure for her comfort while her attention wanders elsewhere. She has yet to be touched, and should she ever be forced to concede to the inevitability of love through politics, I think I must attempt some prank to disrupt the precious moment.

Ah, she sees me crouching in the corner of her chamber. She comes at me, a bewildered twitch of suspicion upon her features of cool ivory. Why are you here? she says. To note your blossoming, I reply. And what have you there? she asks, spying my basket of goose eggs. Something to set in your nest, I reply. We attend the ceremony and return to her chamber, she by the side of some prearranged prince by way of polished marble stairs, and I by myself by way of dusty hidden steps. Through a secret aperture I watch, waiting for the proper moment to up-end my basket, sharing my conception of joy with them as they conceive their own. I shall await that instant with anticipative fervor; seldom will such uncalled for activity be so appropriate.

The Queen is long dead and just as well; she never truly appreciated my jokes to the extent to which they were intended. I recall her wedding night when I replaced a pillow with a meticulously sculptured slab of lard onto which the King carefully laid her serene virgin head. She sat up shrieking, scraping handfuls of lard from her painstakingly prepared tresses. The King stammered apologies and eventually had four servants whipped, but he knew who it had been. We have shared many laughs in regard to it since.

A Minister of the establishment approaches me with a scroll and a quill and asks if I would mind marking my name. I exhale a final silent laugh as the King assumes his purple to conduct the sundry business of his birthright.

Bruce McAllister

A Poem Written About Them

Blue nose gopher holes
Black rind fruit bowls
Purple pasted pickle plates
Yellow yummy pound cakes
All have meaning all have fame
Just because they're not the same
Just because there was a poem written about them.

Tom McCabe
"Sound award"

Atlantic Ocean Sea Calls
(to Michelle)

I came in on the Mayflower
You came in off the bay
Then upon a sugar maple
The leaves began to sway
Did your senses really hibernate
Is the season really fall
Out upon the open sea
Where waves are born and die
Did you really hear a symphony
Or was it simply me
Crying out an old sad song
Singing out of key
Beating on an old tin drum
The reality of dreams

Tom McCabe

Oh, Marquis---

If you could see into my mind,
it would scare you to death --
sadistic things I think of
with each and every breath.

Which way to drive my mother
to a neurotic mess,
Or how to manage my night prowls
to get one brother less.

Or how to squash our turtle
or strangle the dear old dog
Or to tickle my sisters
with a cute little twelve foot log.

Yes, you may smile at me strangely
and think I have quite a quirk
But I can say one thing for me --
I'm happy in my work.

Jac-Lynn McQuillen

Hopes like Snowflakes fall from the sky
awaiting to be shaped-by some courageous child
into a man
But when the raving sun of reality appears--
Snow melts, it turns into water
Hope dies, it turns into despair
And in both cases a man is lost.

Arlene Delrose

The Secret That You Never Told

It's what made you do,
   What made you do, what made you do,
Whatever that you did.

It's the secret that is never told.
   That you tried so hard to share,
That departed with your soul.

It's what you wanted so much to hide.
   But you, yourself, could never see.
You spent a lifetime keeping it inside.

It's the secret that,
   Was never heard,
Yet maybe understood.

It's your heaven,
   It's your hell,
Your ugliness and beauty too.

It's your secret that was never told
   It's the secret,
That is you.

Tom Roach
2nd best over-all
short poem

Cost of Living

   And you were a rubber band
But you weren't
   But I pulled
And they pulled
   Any I guess I let go first--
A game called tug of war.
   I lost

I wish you had been there
   More often
Stronger than that
   Not so easy to control
To win and to lose
   But I guess if your sights were too high
You never would have seen me to begin with
   I'm sorry, but I don't bring it up
To make you feel bad
   I could have loved you like that.
I hope with all my heart that you will
   Find someone who will accept the
Wrinkles that I have worn
   When I stretched your skin
With my love.

Tom Roach
Imagery award

In and Out of Music

There was a band playing, but
Their music could not compare
With the music outside,
outside,
With the rythmical flow of the cloud,
or
With the beat of the people passing by.

Phillip Nemenski

Infinite of One

One must stalk and one must die,
The just may only stand aside,
The part is reasoned by the all,
Infinity can have no fault
Against the measurements of men,
It also has no humane end.

It has no end, it had no start,
There is no whole the pieces mar,
The absolutes are ill-received
By those too complex to perceive
Beyond the compass of the hand,
Infinity is less than man.

Less than man, but more than men,
The isolated fragments blend,
A mass is not the sum of each,
As more are added, more are leached
To fill the vats where others feed,
The form is all the formless see.

As sight is all the seer knows,
He cannot feel the ends opposed
By what is inbetween,
The path he trods is freshly cleaned
Of dark debris of battlesward,
The wrath of suns is wrought in war.

The wrath of war cannot be blamed
For fueling the forever's flame,
For Order rules that all must bleed
And leaves no road by which to flee,
Birth and Death stand side by side,
All must stalk, and all must die.

Bruce McAllister
Over-all mid-length award

Inflection Four

I have now inspected
All the excerpts I selected
From my thoughts reflecting what I cannot see.
I am not as I expected
And I have not accepted
That this is what I must tomorrow be.
My fingers are encrusted
With the mud that they have dusted
As I delve in my own breath to build a breeze.
My future is entrusted
To my past, already rusted,
As the winds of fortune all within me freeze.
My motions are derided,
My notions are confided
To friends, my pens, the walls around my room.
My future is decided
By commitments double-sided
As I ride my indecisions to my doom.
I am not deluded
By the dreams that I excluded
In concluding that today may only die.
My past is not included
In the futures I denuded
To enjoy this present moment, here am I.

Bruce McAllister
Sound award, mid-length

Loitering in a Mexican Laundry

W. A. Mooney

Comedy Award

Once upon a time, in the land of the big hamburger, there lived a man named Ronald. Ronald was a hard-working young man who wanted to be king of the hamburger world, so he ran for the legislature. He attacked his incumbent opponent, the strawberry milkshake, by calling it"pink down to its underwear." Ronald squeezed out a victory and his career was on its way.

Soon after, war hero General Big Mac was nominated to run for king and he chose Ronald to be his vice-king. The opposition, King Burger, accused Ronald of taking ice cream for political favors, and pressure was heavy on him to explain his position. So he went on national TV to plead his case. With his checkers set by his side, he won over the country with an impassioned plea of innocence.

General Mac was a two-time landslide victor, and when he stepped down, he picked Ronald to succeed him. Ronald's opponent was Jumbo Jack, who defeated him in a close election. Ronald thought King Burger had pulled a few Whoppers to give Jack the victory, but nevertheless, he was thwarted in his bid.

Jack immediately began to establish hamburger stands in Riceland, but the Ricelanders were slow to accept the idea of hamburger patties in their rice paddies.

In the midst of Jack's administration, Ronald ran for governor of McDonalds's. To his surprise he was defeated. Very shortly afterward he sank into obscurity.

A year later, though,Jack was shot down in Dallas and Vice-king A. W. Barbecue moved into the executive mansion.

A. W. repeatedly tried to sell hamburgers to Riceland, but North Ricelanders, led by Rice Krispie, put up such a spirited opposition that A. W. was unable to open for breakfast. The conflict convinced Ronald to try once more to run for king.

Ronald said he had a secret plan to sell hamburgers, and enough people believed him, so he narrowly squeaked into the king's chair. King Burger kept ridiculing Ronald, though, always asking, "Would you buy a used hamburger fromthis man?"

Ronald was on top of the world; he had finally achieved his goal. He also figured a way to stay on top to the world. Ronald sent vice-king Egg McMuffin out to attack King Burger, using the longest words in the dictionary, while Ronald sat under the Golden Arches looking hard-working and wise. Over the next four years, Ronald kept promising to sell hamburgers in Riceland, but those Ricelanders kept eating rice.

In the next election, Ronald defeated Taco Bell by a landslide majority. The people just weren't ready for Mexican food.

Ronald was satisfied. Surely he would go down as the greatest king in the history of the hamburgers. His people loved him, and he was ready to lead them to a generation of peace.

Then the roof fell in. One of Ronald's closest advisors, the Hamburglar, was caught putting bugs in King Burger's lettuce, with the implication of guilt running clear up to the Golden Arches to Ronald. There was a lot of pressure on Ronald to resign as king, but he decided for the good of the hamburgers to "tough it out."

Vice-king Egg McMuffin was secretly happy about Ronald's situation.

"Surely," he thought, "Ronald will quit and I will become king."

But Egg McMuffin had problems of his own. He was indicted by a grand jury for accepting bread in return for the rights to cure his Canadian Bacon. Egg vehemently denied the charges, asserting that he didn't even like toast. But the evidence against Egg was overwhelming; he had to resign as vice-king and return to the freezer.

Ronald wasn't out of the woods yet, though. First, Taco complained about all the gold in the Golden Ardhes intimating that there were secret contributions by the mayonaisse industry. Then he was accused of establishing a monopoly in the Mexican laundry business for his friend, Bozo Rebebop. Ronald voiciferously denied the accusation, saying,"I'm not going to loiter in a Mexican laundry."

Meanwhile, back at the ranch,the cattle barons decided to hold back their beef from market in order to get a more favorable worldwide response to their struggle with the sheepherders.

So Ronald was faced with a hamburger shortage. He decided to ration meat, which caused an uproar throughout the kingdom and threatened his throne.

Where will it end? Will Ronald quit? Will he be asked to leave? Will Bozo get my shirts clean? The answer to these and other pertinent questions are forthcoming in the book <u>How I Lost My Mandate in Six Short Months</u>, by Ronald McDonald.

MIGHTY MOONLESS MORNING (Satire Award)

A discussion between Salo (the Tralfamadorian messenger), and the space wanderer (Unk, Malachi Constant) after the death of Beatrice Rumford: "Sorry," said Salo. "I would say is there anything I can do?- but Skip (Winston Miles Rumford once told me that that was the most hateful and stupid expression in the English language." (The Sirens Of Titan, Epilogue)

It was an exceedingly bright day for the month of November; the sun had apparently hacked its way out of hibernation. Lancaster, the streaks of sunlight obstructing his vision, strained to see through the filthy pane of glass. Outside little moved. He was caged in a cabin belonging to that which evaded Lancaster's memory; nevertheless, he was not here because of what he'd always considered his reputable and exuberant free will.

Lancaster began to search his mind. This cabin, this bare, furnitureless, dark cubbyhole of humanity was a stranger. They had never been introduced.
"Lancaster," said Lancaster, "this is the dark cubbyhole fo humanity."
"Dark cubbyhole of humanity," he continued, "Lancaster."

The introductions were interrupted by the opening of the stunted cabin door, and the man that entered appeared to be the type that never removes his gloves.
"I" said the man, "am Sir Willaim Rheinperle." Lancaster choked down the urge to inquire about breakfast.
"Breakfast can wait," continued the man, though Lancaster had not spoken, "You are, I imagine, Hosea Bushfield?"
"Afraid not, friend," said Lancaster, "but maybe you could tell me what the hell I'm doing locked up in this dark cubbyhole of...: Is this your place?"

Sir Willaim stepped in and shut the wooden door behind him. "I once knew," Sir Willaim began," a man that incessantly insisted upon prevarication. The truth had never passed his lips, and deception grew inside the man like a rampaging growth. He spared no one his lies, and after some years had passed his imagination grew with his untruthfulness. Then one day this man began to see floating purple cream separators."
"Floating purple cream separators?" interupted Lancaster,
"Floating purple cream separators," said Sir Willaim, "he saw floating purple cream separators until the day he died. I had always felt that he more than paid his price for his deceiving manner."

Sir Willaim paused, allowing Lancaster to absorb the passage,
"An interesting analogy to what we are facing here and now don't you think?"
"You've got me," said Lancaster.
Sir Willaim wandered pondering towards the unwashed window.
"Not wishing to be...forward," Sir Willaim said patiently,
"Might I ask who you are if not Mr. Bushfield?"
"Lancaster Holt-Howard," said Lancaster, outstretching his gloved hand towards Sir Willaim's. They shook leather-clad palms and Sir Willaim nodded once.
"Mr. Holt-Howard," he said after a provocative stretch of silence,
"Do you now know or have you ever in the past known a young lady by the name of Rhodesia?"
"Nope," said Lancaster, "but it's funny that you would mention that name because it sounds alot like my mother's name?"
"Oh," said Sir Willaim, "what is your mother's name?"
"It was her name."
"I'm sorry," said Sir Willaim, "what was her name, then?"
"Her name," Lancaster sighed, closing his eyes in response to what appeared to be a torturous memory, "was Tunsia." This happened to be an out and out lie.

Sir Willaim coughed once, gazing out the window until Lancaster once again opened his pain-rimmed eyes.
"That!" said Sir Willaim, "is an out and out lie. Now, Mr. Holt-Howard, exactly what has Rhodesia told you about herself?"
"Damn," said Lancaster. He held out a steadying hand and calmed himself with the reassuring touch of dead wood. It was a log cabin. "What are you," asked Lancaster after an agonizing passage of discussionless time, "her father or something?"
"I am her...," Sir Willaim paused, "Rhodesia is my charge."

"Now," said Sir Willaim, adding a touch of convulsive finality to the conversation, "if it were not for the fact that you, Mr. Holt-Howard, will one day be involved in an unfortunate state of circumstances over which you will exercise absolutely no control, "Please remember that in the future, he said. "Rhody,...Rhodesia," he corrected himself, "is to ordinary female."

Lancaster nodded, shrugged and walked towards the door. "Goodby Mr. Bushfield," said sir Willaim.
"What the hell," shouted Lancaster as he swiftly swiveled to face Sir Willaim," are you talking about,... I'm Lancaster Holt-Howard,...I am."
But Sir Willaim was broken, and the tears that dripped down his cheeks disturbed Lancaster. "Sir Willaim?" breathed, I'm sorry, what can I do?"

THE CUTTED CLASS

Cleverness Award

I simply cut one class
Didn't think it would really make any
Difference anyway,
So I just cut it, that's all.

Really, believe me,
Nobody in that class shows up there anymore, anyhow.
So why should I have to go?
Only did what everybody has been doing in that course
All semester long,
So no one can blame me for not coming.

I simply cut one class
Didn't think it would really make any
Difference anyway,
So I just cut it, that's all.

Was attendance taken?

Let's see,
What am I going to say about not being there.
If asked why I didn't attend class,
I'll tell him that the reason
I wasn't there was that I came down
With this awful cold.
No,
Can't say that, he's never going to
Believe a poor excuse like that.
All right,
I got it. I'll say that because of
My cold I took this very strong medication.
The medicine just knocked me out
For about three hours.
(Yeah, that sounds pretty good)
When I finally woke up
It was twenty minutes after class.
Not wanting to come in late
And disturb the entire class,
I went ahead and skipped the whole period.

I simply cut one class
Didn't think it would really make any
Difference anyway,
So I just cut it, that's all.

Will he believe me?

Even if he doesn't
It isn't my fault.
I've heard alot of people
Often get totally bored in there.
Sometimes it's even
Difficult for anybody to keep awake.
It's his job to make the subject
Interesting for us. All I did was
Keep myself from probably being bored.

Refrain.

Did we have a test today?

No problem,
If we did I can make it up
In the next class we have.
Tonight I'll cram the text,
Tomorrow I'll get to class
On time for a change.
This way I won't lose anything
By not being there.
It's actually nothing to get upset,
No reason to worry
If I can still pass the course.

The Presence of the End of the Presence

Ratling warriorie! Hither, diminuant, I've a slight task for your slight ability. Bow lower in your approach, near-slave; I've no wish to watch the rodentian waggle of your face. You forget yourself: I am your lord and mistress, my clutch lies strongest upon your life-scrawned neck. Grovel, dungling. Grovel, I say! Moteling, do you not know yourself?

On the violet flagstones of the plastic tiled patio the quivering form parts his pink lips and between bubbles of ivorylike froth he stammers. I-I ha-ave forgo-gatten, my Yourness.

A motion from the underfed yet bloated toadish neo-person Thing-on-the-dais brings a squad of well armed jackrabbits jumping out from behind the wrought aluminum pillars that support the fiberglass sunshade of the Royal Porch. Another descending gesture and the quaking creature on the pave is impaled with dozens of dessert forks and awls. A labor squad of gang-pressed voles appear and cart the corpse across the floor towards the bakery.

Reappear, son of myself! Hither, Prince of Nothing. Your parent addresses the ether and expects you to hear and respond.

Ends continue as the Prime Princeling of Nothing obeys, discontinuing the tenuous grip of reality by his presence. Hailsay, Father/Mother/Uncle/Brother, I am come. Speak, ere I must go.

Vassal child, be still! I demand that you stimulate actions in the cosmos culminating in the dispersal of yesterday when I was sorely trounced in a game of seven dimensional chessopoly by one of my numerous alter idegos, the Crown Duck of Blue. Do your sole ancestor this favor and the secrets of the full vacuum will be yours.

Ends stop as the Prime Princeling of Nothing disappears. Reality regains its flimsy hold on the almost all and digs in to weather the next eruption of emptiness. The tastelessly embroidered Thing-on-the-dais rearranges Its color-flecked flab into a comfortably froggish position and begins munching on a jackrabbit that has delayed his exit an instant overlong. The Imperative It chews carefully and watches the calendar with one of Its mottled orange eyes. It sees yesterday's date, the 62nd of Claudius, shimmer and vanish with a sibilant snicker-pop. Yesterday is gone.

Ends disippate as the now unfounded reality of the present sizzles into a question of valence. Jackrabbits begin slaughtering voles with reckless slashes of forks gone bad, as voles mount assorted baked goods in a frenzy of pseudo-reproductive release. The plastic flagstones turn into veal cutlets, splitting along non-existant seams. The fiberglass top spreads newborn wings and flaps away. The aluminum pillars suffer conversion and cascade onto the Thing-on-the-wolf-that-was-a-dais as a collection of snap-top cans.

Reality, to me my adhesiveling! Hither, glue of my fortuned forever! My skin tingles with the cold caress of chaos! My eyes blear as my lips shinny up my wart-that-was-a-nose! My teeth crack on a jackrabbit-turned-to-lignite! My back aches and I cannot sleep! Son of my seed of my flesh, hear me and save me!

Ends are not when the Prime Princeling of Nothing reappears. It has been done as you suggested/commanded, Father/Mother/Uncle/Brother. Yesterday is destroyed. The ignominy of your defeat is removed forever from the realm of what is, real or unreal.

Crustless mindlessling of my forshamed flesh of my illsown seed, what have you done? The almost all ripples in the open grip of emptiness!

The wolf-that-was-a-dais rips chunks of purple and quickly decaying flesh from the sagging form of the It, whose navel has opened into a four-foot maw of bleeding gums and gray teeth. An immense cardboard-fungus tongue snaps out and drags the flailing canine in. The abdominal jaws smother-suck shut with an appropriate mashing slurp. The veal cutlets have assumed a breaded appearance and begin tap-dancing to the tune of In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida, which is being piped in through the unopened cans. A rogue jackrabbit vaults by brandishing a gore-spattered utensil, and three voles stagger into view bearing an enormous loaf of French bread.

What mean you, Father/Mother/Uncle/Brother? You asked me to disperse yesterday and it has been done. Naturally reality ahs fled the universe, because by removing yesterday I have undounded totality; the future depends on the present depends on the past. There is now no past on which to found the present on which to found the future, and nothing can exist without foundation. The almost all, everything, will be, is, and has been lost; nothing will be found. The almost all has nine instants to exist; in those nine instants everything that might have happened will happen as the universe rushes to fulfill its potential. Nothing will be left.

Reckless fecund mongerling of blabbering insanity! Restore the past, rebuild yesterday! Save your worthy parent, child of my unstable life-craze! If the all ends, you perish also; so save me as you save yourself, dustminder!

The French bread becomes a coral colored king snake and consumes the shrieking voles. The cans and cutlets choose teams for a round of touch badminton. The sunshade begins divebombing the remnants of the Royal Cottage in thirty-one different flavors.

I cannot restore the past, Father/Mother/Uncle/Brother, for I have only nothing to found it on. When I forced yesterday beyond the realm of what is, real or unreal, I also destroyed all the eons before that because causes may not exist without effects; the past depends on the present depends on the future. Hence, the half of eternity that was before vanished backwards one moment at a time at an infinite speed of non-be. I cannot refound the past upon the present because the string of the future has yet to connect to that end of eternity, and as the present already disintigrates at a finite speed of cannot-remain-to-be, the future will never exist. Nothing will survive, hence I, the Prime Princeling of Nothing, will survive. Adieu, Father/Mother/Uncle/Brother.

He wraps himself within his own; emptiness envelops him. He is gone. The Doughmound-that-was-once-the-thing-on-the-wolf-that-was-a-dais rises into a huge frogwolf-cherry cupcake, attracting throngs of drooling voles, crawling veal, caverting cans, and brawling jackrabbits who all die in the inferno of the 1,922 pound butterscotchbomb that the roof has released on its final run before flying south for the Fimbulwinter that will never have a time to be. There are a few moments of frantic shape and hue shifting as everything disappears in a puff of white mist that does not, will not, and never could have possible happened to exist.

Nothing is left.

Bruce McAllister

The deck is full and overflows
Jokers wilt and aces fail
  and faces fall away;
  the house of cards is proven frail
  by the numbers of today.
Now where will all the gamblers go?

Bruce McAllister

THE FORESTED

Out of the bushes, past the mushrooms, and through the birches wandered Morgan, occasionally aware of the birds overhead. "Don't sing to me of crippled blue-jays and psychotic quails," the wind echoed its mumbled message past Morgan's ear.

He paused, looking skywards. The birds fell silent. Morgan walked on, flipping his collar up over the back of his neck in an ever-conscious attempt to frustrate his breezy colorless and almost constant companion.

There was no clearing, no warning, no real indication that this spot among the seedlings would have made a decent landing strip for what Morgan realized had to be some kind of a space vehicle. But there, pitifully crushed under one corroded corner of the ship lay a small rabbit. Hardened by death. Powerful proof of the space ship's actuality lay in the fact that its arrival had caused pain, and an acute loss of blood--and death.

Morgan closed his eyes and slowly opened them, fully expecting the whole scene he had previously witnessed to be gone. The sun glinted off the broad back of the ship. The wind retreated. Morgan took a step forward, and the steel jaws of the trap closed upon his ankle, biting through boot leather and skin, meeting bone. The pain drew him towards the ground, and his blood briefly covered the rust of the trap's hinges.

There was no movement, the small body of the rabbit lay freed of earthly concerns and the wind froze in midflight. Morgan fought for a grip on his consciousness; blackness engulfed him as the sun sped on its afternoon circuit.

He dreamed of rabbits; a vast meadow of the wide-eyed creatures. They all sat staring stupidly at the space ship. It was in flames; a brilliant blaze of purple and blue fire. He stood to run, to escape the heat, but he was held by a trap. A trap consisting of two long-eared jackrabbits, their spike-like teeth gnawing endlessly into his amazingly bloodless ankle. He struck at them, opening his mouth he tried to shout. There was laughter. Morgan spun around, the rabbits still chewed at his ankle, and emerging from the door of the ship came Morgan's father, hundreds of Morgan's father, every one of them laughing out loud. Laughing at Morgan, at his rabbit-prone predicament. As Morgan fought to free himself, the whole meadow of stationary rabbits was suddenly transformed into. . .

When he woke, he found himself furrounded by darkness. There was no sign of the moon. The only discernable light was that beaming from the glowing amber eyes of the night beasts. Morgan tried to stand, but the grueling grip of the trap allowed no movement. He could not see the space ship but he could hear it. It echoed his every breath. The inhale. The exhale.

Morgan realized that something was moving towards him, but his weakness devoured his fear. The Pirknoid stopped at Morgan's feet and focused its eyes on the trap. It bent, mechanically, from what appeared to be a sheet-metal waist and cranking forth an arm-like apparatus, the Pirknoid proceeded to release Morgan. The biting jaws of the trap were opened with an ease uncommon to the muscle of man, and the hinges groaned loudly, protesting the spoilage of their amusement.

Morgan tried to speak, to thank the machine, but the Pirknoid, swiftly retreated, apparently appaled and enthralled by the movement of Morgan's jaw. He again slumped to the ground, his hands clenching his ankle, and was immediately shook by the rumble.

The wind rushed by Morgan in an effort to put distance between itself and the igniting space ship. The tree tops were illuminated. The glare was blinding. Morgan shut his eyes and turned his head towards the ground.

He lay there till morning; the sun navigated swiftly to the scene. There was some blood in a rusty trap. Morgan limped slowly to the body of the rabbit. It still lay in a rumpled heap, a few remaining wisps of fumes lingered lastingly near its sprawled ears. And he buried it. The grave was near a rock that was covered by bright green velvet moss.

Etha Griffin

Feeling Free

Feeling free with life on a cold brisk
night-time
Riding two on a motorcycle. . .
sailing along for a long, beautiful
exciting while. . .
Looking up to see the circles of moon-
colors racing with us while they
enticingly shine

. . .floating, flying, feeling fantastically
happy and free. . .

Escaping? No, just racing time and
leaving the past behind. . .
oh, not regretfully, but fleetingly
thoughtfully. . .
It's as if I'm caught in the middle
between the past and the future
I'm not challenging - I'm eagerly
anticipating

laughing, loving, smiling, and
feeling fantastically happy and
free. . .
God created man and the universe
and people spend life trying to
decide which comes first
But right as these few precious
moments come and go I just live
and breathe in nature and the
smell of land, animals, and fresh
air
I live. . .I love. . .I learn. . .I care

. . .while I'm filled with freshness,
feeling fantastically free.

- Dedicated to the night,
God's calm tranquility
that he shared with me a
fleeting time ago.

Cookie

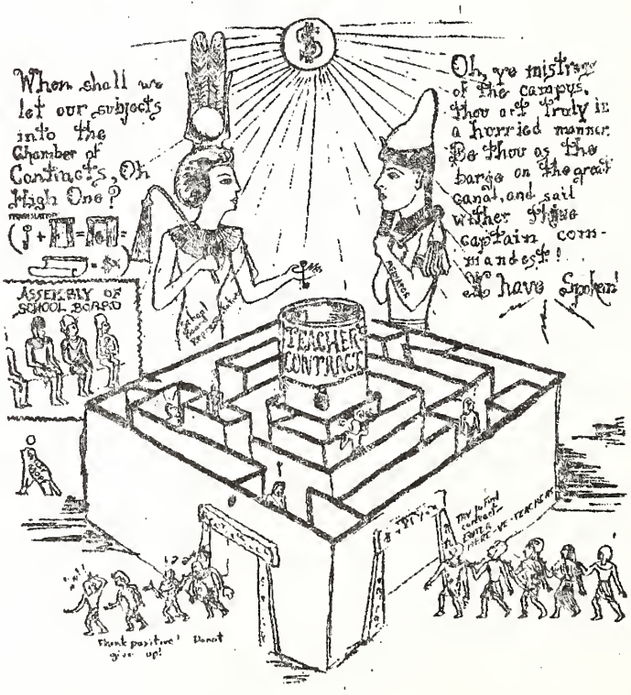
Wesley Kropp

General

Paw: "What ever happened to our sex relations?"

Maw: "I don't know, but I do think we're supposed to get a card from them at Christmas".

Political



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